

Among the things that I've found  
While plodding on my lonely way,  
That none of us has ever dreamed  
My sense of humor, as they say,  
Then one that has a humble sense,  
Yet gives a laugh that is true  
And makes the heart with shining eyes  
"Don't rite off more than you can chew."

If you have a pen in your hand,  
And wish some fellow's face to mar,  
To always feel in wall and  
You're needed at least one solid sign;  
And while you're making that solid sign  
I'll write you a line or two—  
That makes you smile and cheer,  
"Don't rite off more than you can chew."

When starting out in life, my friend,  
Be careful, for you're only one  
A failure on life's active stage,  
Remember that it takes some brains  
To be an actor on a stage.  
So make the most of your own chance  
"Don't rite off more than you can chew."

When looking "out" for a life,  
Don't be "repped" in by some vain die,  
Would you play along through life  
Without a button on your shirt.  
In marriage if you get blind,  
And look at your mate with a blind eye,  
Before you, you will only find  
You're "out" of more than you can chew."

When the angel of death comes down  
And writes the heading "Laid to Rest,"  
He thought he'd do the thing up-right  
And spread his name for all to see.  
But after an hour of weeping,  
He drops his pencil, looking blue,  
And sighs, "I wrote the midnight oil"  
"The Interior Journal" is the cause.  
—Parson M. D. D. D. D. D.

Oh! To be With you Always  
Oh! to be with you always,  
Always your darling to be,  
Always your heart's delight and joy,  
Always your life's true love,  
Always your life's true love,  
Always your life's true love,  
Always your life's true love.

Through all the world's sorrows,  
Through all the world's sorrows,  
Through all the world's sorrows,  
Through all the world's sorrows,  
Through all the world's sorrows,  
Through all the world's sorrows,  
Through all the world's sorrows,  
Through all the world's sorrows.

Only I know you'd be ever,  
Loving, and tender and true,  
A crown could not tempt me to sever  
The ties that have bound me to you.  
I thank you for the love that is true,  
The love that is true, true love,  
Wandering, weary and lonely,  
Living, I live for you only,  
Loving, I live for you only,  
Loving, I live for you only.

Oh! to be with you always  
Oh! to be with you always  
Oh! to be with you always  
Oh! to be with you always

The changes that occur in the first  
Ten years of married life.

A young woman during the first  
week of her married life entertains  
vague suspicions that the statements  
of older wives, that the way to a man's  
heart is through his mouth, are true.

Her Charles, who is almost, if not  
quite, exempt from human failings,  
has already manifested a profound  
admiration for real pies, and has open-  
ly expressed his detestation to over-  
done mutton. She accordingly builds  
up within her a fortress of resolution,  
in which to guard that sacred treasure  
of a husband's affection. In her girl-  
hood this young woman had spent  
much time in cultivating her musical  
taste, in reading Emerson and Car-  
lyle; she had been fond of pretty  
landscapes, and could use her pencil  
with effect, and she had been heard to  
declare with pride that when the mar-  
ried she would give up none of these  
things.

Let us visit her now, at the end of  
ten years of matrimony, and we will  
find that she has broken her vow and  
thrown it to the winds. We find a  
typical sort of person, whose whole  
intellect is absorbed in attending to  
the cares of house-keeping, and in get-  
ting stylish dresses for her children.

Her conversation rises seldom above  
the level of infant gossip and servants,  
and the only ideas developed by time  
and experience are expressed in her  
conviction that men are the most un-  
reasonable and selfish of creatures,  
and women the most abused and self-  
sacrificing.

There is a great evil some where,  
but what is it? The husband ac-  
knowledges to himself that he is dis-  
appointed in the wife he has chosen,  
and yet he finds difficulty in pointing  
out his mistake, and hardly finds  
cause to blame her, for he is not a  
faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a  
most frugal manager? The mistake  
is a national characteristic. So pas-  
sionate and intense is the American  
mind in pursuit of its temporary in-  
terests, the men will suffer the chains  
of business to bind them down and  
throttle them, while their wives bend  
beneath a similar yoke of duty at  
home.

What is lacking is the power to rise  
above the petty annoyances of daily  
life; we need to learn to distinguish  
trifles from affairs of moment, to know  
that every mole-hill is not a mountain.  
We need not forsake the upper strata  
of sentiment, thought and idealism—  
the atmosphere of the soul—because  
we know that there is a lower one of  
routine and small vexations, in which  
our feet are told to tread. To breathe  
in the one is to receive strength and  
refreshment for exertion in the other.  
It is a good plan to pick up needles  
and pins from the floor, but picking  
pins ought not to be made the chief  
object of existence; for if we move  
along with our heads constantly down-  
ward we must assuredly will see some-  
thing better than pins and needles to the  
end of our days.—[Philadelphia Bul-  
letin.]

# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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times with all our old friends, and some at 25  
times to protect their interests.

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## Flirting on the Street.

One of our exchanges says: "She  
flirted on the street, and now she is a  
mother and not a wife—a sensation in  
Buffalo." Such were the significant  
head-lines to a telegram contained in  
an exchange the other day. A sad  
chapter of every day experience is  
portrayed in those brief words. A  
young girl will read it and say, "Oh,  
well, but I am not so weak and foolish  
as other girls. I can meet and dally  
with temptation, and still preserve  
my honor unimpaired. I can flirt on  
the street and no harm will come of  
it, because people know me too well  
to doubt my character."

Nine-tenths of the girls who fall  
from the pedestal of virtue and lie  
broken-hearted and ruined in the  
Stygian waters of vice, soliloquize in  
the same manner. They feel strong  
in their virtuous intentions; it envelops  
them as an armor. Like the  
mother of our race, they linger around  
the tree, gaze upon the fruit, inhale  
its fragrance, and think it strange that  
any harm could come of "a little  
thing like that." By and by, in some  
way, they know not how, they are a lit-  
tle nearer the forbidden fruit. Presently  
they have touched it, and feel that  
they are brave, indeed, to have been  
"so near and yet so far" from sin. But  
there will come a moment, sooner or  
later, when the "sentinel sleep"—and  
then the enemy gains the advantage.

Flirting on the street is the first  
step toward a downfall. Viewing it  
in the mildest manner possible, there  
is no good in it. It avows not of  
modesty—but of brazenness. It at-  
tracts not the attention of modest and  
virtuous men, but of fast fellows, not  
to say libertines. It betokens not vir-  
tue, but looseness. It is a bid for seduc-  
tion—it is seduction itself—for it se-  
duces young men. And finally, young  
ladies, it is a habit that harbors prac-  
tice. If you do not want to be mis-  
taken for one, do not allow yourself to  
simulate their actions on the streets,  
or elsewhere.

## A Patent Outside.

The following from the *Norristown  
Herald*, may need a word of explana-  
tion to be appreciated by the general  
reader. A "patent outside" is the  
technical term applied to many coun-  
try newspapers, the outside pages of  
which are printed in the large cities  
and sold by wholesale. The editor  
then has only to fill the inside pages  
with local news and editorial.

"He stopped his wagon in front of  
a printing office, entered the presence  
of the editor and observed: 'I have a  
patent outside—' 'Well,' inter-  
rupted the editor, 'that is nothing to  
brag about. A man who can't afford  
to print all of his paper—' 'I mean,'  
broke in the perplexed stranger, 'I  
have a patent outside, which—' 'Yes,  
I know,' again interrupted the  
editor, 'I have several such papers on  
my exchange list, and I regard them  
as a fraud on the reading public. It  
is a mighty poor tool that can't sup-  
port a paper wholly printed at home—'  
'I don't know what the d—l you're dri-  
ving at,' exclaimed the bewildered stran-  
ger, edging toward the door. 'But I  
have a patent outside on my wagon—'  
an improved washing machine, which  
I wanted you to advertise, but I guess  
I'll hunt up a printing office that isn't  
run by a crazy man.'

## How to Walk.

The custom is now every where  
prevailing for pedestrians to take the  
right side of the walk. The practice  
avoids much confusion, particularly  
on frequented walks. The rule has  
been so thoroughly established that  
any person found violating it is set  
down as an ignoramus. People now  
take the right side as regularly in  
walking, as they do when driving on  
the road. This being so, common  
sense suggests that ladies should al-  
ways walk at the right side of the  
gentlemen when going in couples. If  
they do that, ladies will never be jeer-  
ed when meeting other persons—the  
gentlemen being on the side of con-  
tact with people coming in the oppo-  
site direction. Gentlemen should  
abandon the habit, when promenade-  
ing with ladies, of walking half around  
them at every turn of the corner. The  
old custom of giving the lady the in-  
side of the walk, when walking with  
her, has no redeeming feature. The  
lady's comfort and protection is best  
insured by her walking at the gen-  
tlemen's right side, at all times.

The jokers that included a piece of  
stained brick among the "geological  
specimens" which they placed upon  
the desk of Professor as objects worthy  
of his explanatory remarks, received  
the following reward: Taking up one  
of the specimens he said, "This is one  
of barytes from the Cheshire Mines.  
This," held up another, "is a piece of  
field-spar from the Portland quarries.  
And this," coming to the brick, "is  
a piece of impudence from some mem-  
ber of the class."

## How Odd Moments Made a Mayor.

John Gragg came to Mr. Willis  
store and asked:—  
"Do you want a boy, sir?"  
"Can't say that I do," replied Mr.  
Willis; and as he seemed busy and not  
inclined to talk, John walked  
away.  
A few days after he came and said,  
"I don't like to be idle, and if you  
are willing to try me, I will work  
without pay till I get a situation."  
Mr. Willis agreed. What was his  
surprise on going into his store next  
morning to find his ill-sorted goods all  
arranged, shelves cleaned, windows  
washed, and many things done which  
in the busy season had been neglected.  
John had risen early and done all this.  
"Why," said Mr. Willis, "I hardly  
knew the place."

He soon found that he could not  
afford to part with John. So great  
were his habits of system and order,  
he could accomplish a vast amount of  
work, doing at odd moments what  
would otherwise have been left un-  
done, never neglecting a greater duty  
for one less important; never behind  
hand, never requiring to be looked  
after. Mr. Willis paid him for his  
work, and told him not to leave till  
he could get something better. The  
consequence was John soon became  
master of a wholesale grocery store,  
and finally Mayor of a large city.  
What is better than all, he ruled  
righteously and in the fear of God.

He was a poor boy; but his habits  
of order and system—causing him to  
find more time than most people—  
raised him to his high position, while  
his good character made him respect-  
ed by the whole community.

## A Man of Service.

A trainer of wild animals must be  
a man of iron nerve, to never show  
the slightest fear. A trainer, long at  
the business, told the following expe-  
rience to a reporter:—  
"Of course I have been chewed up  
some. Every man in my line of busi-  
ness has to make up his mind to that.  
See, both my arms are ripped and  
scared. When I was with that branch  
show of Meyer's circus, in France, I  
was bitten three times in two months;  
pretty badly, too. It almost discour-  
aged me."

Once a lion bit my left arm through  
the wrist—making that scar—tore  
four deep gashes in my right arm with  
his claws; scored some deep furrows  
down my back, and in the fight tore  
every thing off me except part of my  
trousers. The blood just poured from  
me, but I got a heavy iron club passed  
into me, and belted that lion until he  
was thoroughly whipped. When I  
got out I was so weak I could hardly  
stand; but it was the only way.

Go out of a cage after an animal  
has bitten you without giving it a  
sound licking, and you can never go  
in again without it's trying to bite  
you. It will remember that it whip-  
ped you before.

You must never let your nerve  
weaken, and take care that, though  
they muss up your flesh pretty  
badly, you don't give them a chance  
to crunch your bones. That may put  
you at their mercy; so keep them  
from taking hold. They don't bite  
until they sink their claws in, so look  
out to break loose quick, no matter  
how deep they clutch you."

## PERHAPS IT WAS BLACK ALL OVER.

—There was born, about three weeks  
ago, within a mile of Lagrange, a  
child perfectly developed and healthy,  
as children ordinarily are at this tender  
age, but remarkable from the fact  
that from the nape of the neck to the  
small of the back the child is as black  
as coal, and the left side of the head  
is covered with a thick growth of fine  
black wool, such as is on the head of  
any negro infant. There is no secret,  
yet there are few people who are ac-  
quainted with the fact, and still fewer  
who care to call and look at the child.  
—[Oldham Co., Era.]

Gold can now be sent by mail to  
any part of the country by paying pos-  
tage at the rate of sixty-four cents per  
\$1,000. This arrangement has been  
made by the Post-office Department  
on account of the high rate of express  
charges. The coin will be carried in  
iron safes in postal cars, and be as secure  
as if carried by express. There is al-  
ready an arrangement by which mon-  
ey-orders can be made payable in gold.

It has been found by chemical analy-  
sis that morning's milk is not nearly  
so rich and nutritious as evening's milk,  
and will not yield more than half as  
much butter to a given quantity. The  
fatty matter increases as the day pro-  
gresses from two and one-quarter per  
cent. in the morning, to three and one-  
half at noon, and five and one-half at  
night.

## Beginning of a Romance.

A gentleman in this city not long  
since opened a correspondence with a  
young lady in the far distant North,  
under peculiar circumstances. It ap-  
pears that he had "less hair on the  
top of his head" than he wished. It  
not only exposed his cranium to the  
open assaults of flies and mosquitoes,  
but rendered him unhappy and ner-  
vous in female society, less undue at-  
tention should be attracted to his shi-  
ning pate. He read of Hall's Hair  
Renewer, and purchased a bottle in  
the secret hope that by its application  
the dark and glossy locks, which had  
rendered his youth one succession of  
victories over female hearts, would be  
renewed. He tore the wrapper from  
the bottle, and lo! discovered a note  
addressed to him who should open the  
bottle. It was from one of the girls  
engaged in packing the bottles, and  
gave her name, age, size, complexion  
—in fact, all her merits and demerits  
were enumerated with a faithful ac-  
curacy. In conclusion, she stated that  
she did not entertain the general and  
ungenerous aversion to bald-headed  
men, and would just as soon marry  
one of them as one with the redundant  
locks of Samson. At this writing,  
the only result of the discovery of the  
note is a frequent correspondence, an  
exchange of photographs, and a grad-  
ual increasing desire on the part of  
each to see the other. The Hair Re-  
newer did its work well, and we may  
expect in time the note may lead to  
something of a romantic nature.—  
[Frankfort Yeoman.]

## Crust Epithemes.

Frogs are sold in great numbers in  
the Milwaukee markets by those who  
breed them for sale. We are told  
that they are brought from the frog-  
geries alive in baskets, from which  
small lots are taken into the apron of  
a saleswoman and kept covered to pre-  
vent escape. The frog is held with  
the left hand, its nose showed off, the  
edge of the skin seized and with a sin-  
gle movement stripped off to the ends  
of the toes, the true inwardness re-  
vealed, and the squirming daintiness  
thrown into a dish ready for use. They  
are thus dispatched at the rate of ten  
per minute by an expert frogster.  
When a customer approaches the mass  
is stirred up to show that they are yet  
fresh and alive, and the ambition of  
the purchaser is to get them into a  
steppan before their legs forget their  
meaning. They persist in angular  
movement for an hour after losing  
their skin.

## The Mining Dollars.

The Treasury finds that the cost of  
casting of the new silver dollar all over  
the country will be enormous. In  
considering how to get the coin into cir-  
culation, this obstacle is found to be a  
heavy one. How the transportation  
can be successfully made is not a  
question, since the express companies  
are entirely safe, but the charges are  
something appalling. The subject was  
considered in the Cabinet on Friday,  
and the Post-office Department has  
been asked if arrangements cannot be  
made for sending the silver to the dif-  
ferent bank depositories as third-class  
matter through the mail. Packages  
and boxes of government gold, paper  
and material weighing hundreds of  
pounds are now sent through the  
Post-office Department, and it is hoped  
by the Treasury that silver dollars  
may also be sent that way, not only  
by the government, but by private par-  
ties.—[Washington Special to Phila-  
delphia Times.]

A frail, fragile woman can detect  
with horror the honeyed fumes of the  
genial cocktail in her husband's breath  
at a distance of thirty cubic feet avo-  
dupois, will govt over a sour-breathed,  
limber-necked, soft-headed, bow-leg-  
ged, top-crowned, yawning laby, that  
whoops constantly like a Comanche  
Indian, and smells like a pair of old  
gun boots. This is one of the most  
remarkable phases of the average fe-  
male nature that gigantic intellects  
fail to grasp and understand.

The conundrum about the pins is  
well enough, but who breaks all the  
needles? A single factory in Red-  
ditch, England, turns out between 6,  
000,000 and 7,000,000 of them each  
week, or about 350,000,000 a year,  
which is equal to one-third of the  
population of the globe. With all  
the factories in the world going, who  
breaks these billions of needles?

The second person to be punished  
in Virginia under the new law re-  
establishing the whipping post was a  
white girl of 17. She received twenty-  
five lashes on her bare back, in the  
Elizabeth City Court-House, at the  
hands of a negro constable.

Professor—"Can you multiply to-  
gether concrete numbers?" The class  
are uncertain. Professor—"What  
would be the product of five apples  
multiplied by six potatoes?" French-  
man, (triumphantly,) "Hash!"

## The Salaries of Circus Men.

"How are the salaries of the per-  
formers in the equestrian profession,  
Mr. Barnum?"  
"Well I pay my best rider \$100 a  
day, Sunday included; that is \$700 a  
week. The leading lady equestrienne  
gets \$500—they generally receive  
about \$150 to \$200 from other con-  
cerns. Paid-riders get about—well,  
say from \$100 to \$125 per week."

"How are the acrobats and gym-  
nasts, and that class of performers  
paid?"  
"From \$50 to \$100 per week, ac-  
cording to ability and the danger of  
their performance. There are a great  
many of them to be had, always plenty  
on the market, but I always have  
the best."

"Do clowns receive—?"  
"Clowns always command good sal-  
aries, and a really first-class clown is  
worth from \$150 to \$175 per week,  
and some, such as Ted Almonte—poor  
Ted—who died recently, was earning  
more in the season."

On advertising he was quite sane:  
"Ah," said the great showman, with  
half a sigh, "advertising is a heavy  
drain, but then if I didn't advertise I  
wouldn't make any thing. My picto-  
rial printing this year has already cost  
me \$43,000, but my newspaper bills  
in a season amount to a great deal  
more. My expenses on my trip three  
years ago amounted to \$650,000, and  
in that year in six months the profit  
was \$90,000."—[Cleveland Herald.]

## FOR THE CREDIT OF THE FAMILY.

A young gentleman was passing a  
little girl on Seventh street yesterday  
who was sitting on the doorsteps and  
making the air melodious humming  
over a tune. He was interested by  
the sweet and intelligent appearance  
of the child, and, according her,  
the following dialogue took place: "Sis-  
ter, what's your pa's name?" This was  
politely answered by the little girl.  
"How many brothers have you?"  
"Four or five." "How many sisters?"  
"Four or five." The young man's  
curiosity being satisfied he passed on.  
The mother of the little 4-year old  
(who had neither brother nor sister)  
overheard the conversation, and call-  
ing her in asked her why she had sto-  
red to the man, and received the fol-  
lowing reply: "Well, mamma, I  
didn't want the gentleman to think we  
were so poor as to have no children."  
—[Columbus (O.) Statesman.]

## TO LIVE UPRIGHTLY.—To live up- rightly and purely in this age is no play. A young man who resolves to do it must put himself, as a fence does when about to be attacked, on his guard. A mild and dove-like dis- position does not hold a man up to the line of duty at all times. There are the mild, and there are also the heroic virtues; and both find their proper moments of expression. There are times when a young man must say no, and a no that has no hint of a possi- ble "yes" in it. There are times, also, when he must say yes, and make it ring like the blast of the trumpet. Never did young men need this qual- ity and temper more than they do to- day; never were there more opportu- nities for their exercise.

It is computed that the grain used  
for liquor in a year, in the